

index

Notes on Contributors	Page
Marginal Notes on Rilke—W. L. Graff	1
Economic Basis of Canadian Literature—F. R. Mallory	1
Metaphysical and Modern Poetry—Sydney Lamb	1
Alphabet of Prejudice—Patrick Anderson	2
Bohemians and Totalitarians—F. R. Watkins	3
Existentialism and You—Jean L. Launay	2
Creative Writing—H. G. Files	3
Unbarred Shutters—A. S. Noad	3
English Literature and Us—Arthur L. Phelps	2

editorial

A Literary Supplement of the Daily at the University is not a new thing. In 1923, a McGill Daily Literary Supplement appeared, later we had a Fortnightly Review. Both of these creative efforts were discontinued.

Today, at the university, we have an excellent undergraduate magazine, FORGE, that does serve its purpose of offering undergraduates a larger audience, but there is not any literary magazine that invites members of the staff, students in the Graduate School, or promising undergraduates who have appeared in FORGE, a chance to present to the outside reading public, as well as the campus, the fund of intellectual diversity which the anthologist found he could tap without difficulty.

In many ways it is difficult to understand why a university, such as McGill, has not this type of magazine, as have Queens, Dalhousie and Toronto. Perhaps the matter will be solved when we acquire a University Press. However, until that day arrives, a McGill Literary Supplement can serve the purpose of keeping before the reading public a small sample of the creative activity of the university.

It is hoped that during the next academic year, the McGill Daily will undertake to continue the Supplement, having it appear once every two months. The members of the staff who are solicited for articles to this issue were most co-operative in giving it an encouraging start, even though their time was limited.

Thanks are extended to poets: Anderson, Giblin, MacCallan and Heuser, who submitted poems but owing to lack of space cannot be included in this issue; and to the Managing Board of the McGill Daily who encouraged the idea of a Literary Supplement by financial support. I am grateful to Grant Roberts for planning the layout of this first edition.

A. N. L.

metaphysical poetry and the moderns

By S. LAMB

Contemporary poetry, we are often told, is in a state of transition. Its critics and interpreters are able to give us a detailed account of the kind of poetry it is developing from, or reacting against; about what it is trying to become they are not so clear. Only the 'transition' is certain, and the word has taken on a powerful and hypnotic quality in our criticism. It is often used to suggest that the poets are about to invent some arbitrary and novel form of their own. But poetry, more perhaps than the other arts, experiments with abandoned traditional techniques in its periods of revolt. This has been particularly true of this century, when the poets found it necessary to enlarge the conception of poetry which they had inherited. This conception made poetry, and 'lyricism' synonymous and aimed at a kind of therapeutic purgation of unpleasant emotions, an elevation of soul which was literally a suspension of disbelief. The impotence of the kind of poetry this theory sanctioned was recognized before it could be described, for example in the famous remark of Synge's that 'poetry must again become brutal before it can become great'. In 1921 Eliot treated the problem more directly. Language, he said, must be dislocated if necessary; the poetic apprehension must include more than simply 'lyric' sensibility.

The poetry of the early twentieth century—as Eliot points out (Continued on Page 4.)

marginal notes on r. m. rilke

By WILLEM L. GRAFF

The first impression which Rilke's poetry makes is that it is bewitching music, difficult to understand. No one, I believe, will be inclined to deny the magic quality of his verse, especially in the Book of Hours, the Elegies and the Sonnets. As to its cryptic meaning, it too must be admitted for much of his work, although here important reservations are in order. If we manage to put aside conventional modes of thought and appraisal, if we can enter into his way of experiencing the less obvious aspects of human existence we usually find that his poetry is clear and transparent, almost naively simple.

Eudo Mason, in his book "Lebenshaltung und Symbolik bei Rainer Maria Rilke," attempts to elucidate this paradox. In his opinion, it is due to the fact that Rilke is primarily concerned with nuances, instead of with appearances suggested by common observation and sanctioned by tacit understanding. That Rilke himself was conscious of this bias is evident from many statements scattered throughout his work. He himself declares that the reason why he is irresistibly tempted to write occasionally in French is because of the haunting charm of certain words.

Peut-être que, si j'ai osé écrire, Langue prête, c'était pour employer. Ce nom rustique dont l'unique empire, Me tourmentait depuis toujours, Verger.

Because of this, Rilke is sometimes accused of aestheticism. Admittedly, in reading some of his "New Poems" one cannot avoid the impression that he deliberately looks for laboured symbols. But it must be remembered that the New Poems are the least lyrical ones in his whole work, written under Rodin's categorical imperative; toujours travailler! It is indeed a great mistake to conclude from sporadic aberrations that Rilke's passion for the nuance is the result of intellectual sophistication. With him, creative art and existence are to all intents and purposes synonymous. The experience in which his symbolism is rooted is so dense and sensual that the imagery which emerges out of it to conjure up the most subtle world of relationships is uniformly concrete, palpable. That is true even for his most effusive poems of the "Book of Hours" period. The only difference is that here, his less disciplined mood never allows him to pause long enough to unfold and articulate his symbols, which follow each other in a mad chase, producing the effect of a display of shooting stars, each a universe of brilliant but ephemeral light.

Rilke is essentially a lyrical poet of the prophetic type. When he wrote his Book of Hours, his Elegies, and his Sonnets, it was not he who spoke, but a god spoke through him. Each of these great works poured forth like fire and lava from a volcano. His wonderfully impressionistic Cornet was written on a windy night at the sight of the moving clouds. So intense was the pressure to which he yielded that he was tragically aware of the dangers inherent in such a mode of creation. Between short periods of inspiration lay months and years of desolation, during which he suffered agonies of patience and waiting. These dangers he obstinately faced, trying to exorcise his demon, so as to have him at his beck and call. He never quite succeeded, but he sacrificed everything to find the secret of daily inspiration. It was in the course of this search that he found Rodin.

APPROACH TO REALITY

Already in Wordsworth he had watched the painters of that artists' colony and learned from them how to approach reality calmly and observingly. But it was especially the example of Rodin that taught him slowly and painfully to subdue his orphic effusiveness and to experience the plastic fullness of the individual thing. His New Poems are all, in a measure, like that Archaic Torso which, though headless, glows from within with the warmth of all-pervading life.

The concentrated sobriety of expression in these marginal poems, aiming at the vital organization of the thing experienced, adds a new element of difficulty to that which results from the predominance of the nuance. But that difficulty,

too, usually resolves itself if we are able to retrace within ourselves the path of the poet's approach. And effort which is abundantly rewarded by new, enriching visions of reality.

When in the spring of 1912 the first elegies came to Rilke like a gift of God, the desire to master the world of things and events by forcing them into plastic, radiating forms had been fulfilled, as nearly as could be hoped for by any poet. His New Poems had proved to him that the poet no less than the sculptor could combine inspiration with painstaking craftsmanship. At the cost of superhuman effort he had silenced his heart by imprisoning its word in things of stone. But his heart kept throbbing. In his letters of the period there is many a sigh, leaving no doubt that Rodin and his stony world in reality weighed on him like a mountain, as heavy as Paris herself, the city of hospitals as well as of balmy springs and rich museums. His Malte diaries are one great cry of despair, but hardly more so than the Panther, one of the most lucid among his New Poems.

"The bars have sucked his glance so dry of raging. So wearied it with this recurrent wall, That he sees from his unassuming caging But for these thousand bars no world at all."

The attempt to dam the surging waves of his lyrical moods had chilled him to the marrow. He could only save himself and his art by returning to a modified surrender to inspiration.

NEW ORIENTATION

The Elegies are representative of that new orientation. Between the first Elegy and the last three lies a decade of dismal barrenness, accentuated by the war and its effects, and interrupted only by fleeting moments of creative revelation. Meanwhile Rilke's inner experiences grew deeper and subtler, the meaning of life became more problematical and his attitude to art infinitely more demanding. So that the Elegies, which are in mood related to the Book of Hours, in form to the plastic denseness of the New Poems, and in substance more than ever impregnated with the distress of human existence, present a fascinating combination of stirring rhythm, suggestive symbols and existential perspectives.

On reading Rilke's letters immediately following the birth of the Elegies and Sonnets, we are reminded of his beautiful poem: The Birth of Venus. After carrying the gloriously born Goddess to land, where she causes love to blossom and flowers to open their chalice, the dolphin lies on shore, wounded, red and raw, dead. And again Rilke means himself when he refers to the open meat of the fruit, turned inside out and showing by its ragged, bloody surface in the middle, the effect of bringing forth the seed.

In order to illustrate Rilke's way of experiencing the nuance we may consider his attitude to reality. The word "reality", like many words of daily usage, acquires in Rilke's vocabulary a significantly pregnant meaning.

NOTHING STABLE

In our daily lives, we assume, that the realities with which we deal, are stable and durable enough, so that we can move among them without fearing that they slip away from us. They are supposed to retain their identity, fundamentally unchanged. On reflection we know, of course, that nothing is stable, that everything evolves. Nothing ever is, everything constantly becomes. This knowledge hardly worries the practical person who lives and acts in this world by rule of thumb, as if it were his inherited domain. If instability in some sphere of life asserts itself with unusual obtrusiveness, we are annoyed and do everything in our power to remedy the situation. It is true, we also want change, but only to bring about another stable condition which we consider better. We never really desire change as such, that is, pure transition in the sense of neither this nor that. What we mean by change is a frequent succession of this or that. In other

words, while we actually live in time, we crave space and like to believe that space is what we can accomplish. The feeling of space is related to that of eternity, and we crave eternity, reality, i.e. that which is.

Here we have in nutshell the paradox of human existence, or if you wish, of human consciousness, of man's historicity. It makes us realize with shocking understanding that what we normally consider to be real, is "in reality" quite unreal, unsubstantial, resolving itself into mere relationships and transitions.

Consciousness of this paradox has never been so great as in modern times. In its orbit lie the experiences of transitoriness, of death, weirdness and bewilderment, of fear and anxiety, of hope, faith and despair, of loyalty and infidelity, in short of all our ambiguity and uncanny insecurity.

In Europe this consciousness is more widespread, owing to the many upheavals and constant threats which have characterized its history of the last 50 years. Latently it is omnipresent, and individuals everywhere may habitually or for short moments experience it with elemental force. The more sensitive and contemplative the person is, the keener the awareness of the paradox. Poets and artists are such sensitive persons, sensitive and contemplative, sons.

Rilke was a European and one of the most sensitive and intuitive poets. The paradox of becoming and being, i.e. of human existence, was his most disturbing and vital experience, the driving force of his prodigious creativity. It would be difficult to find a poet who has succeeded more nearly in saying, in words so sensuous and concrete, yet so strangely suggestive, that which is almost inconceivable and fundamentally inexpressible, because it implies the fusion and reconciliation of the antinomies of existence. His inner eye, which never ceases to feed richly on that which the eye of the body experiences, plunges deeply into the heart of human ambiguity, while his plastic, subtle word slips through the outer crust of conventional meaning into a world of seemingly timeless validity. Death ceases to be the horrible end as well as the beginning of new and everlasting life. The Angel of the Elegies and Orpheus in the Sonnets are, on the level of Rilke's art, vivid symbols of death as a function of life, and of life as a function of death, both simultaneous and ubiquitous, both equally vital and complementary. "Real" reality is possible only in this world in which both realms, that of life and that of death, are one all-embracing realm. The Angel and Orpheus are only maturer modifications of the God of The Book of Hours.

"Erect no stone to his memory. Let the roses, Only the roses for his sake bloom each year."

For it is Orpheus. His metamorphosis is in this one and this. We should not care.

About the other names. Once and forever

It is Orpheus where there is song. He comes and goes."

and in the Sixth Elegy:

"O, we glory in blooming, and we are betrayed

In our ultimate fruit's belated fulfillment.

In few the pressure of action spurs so strongly

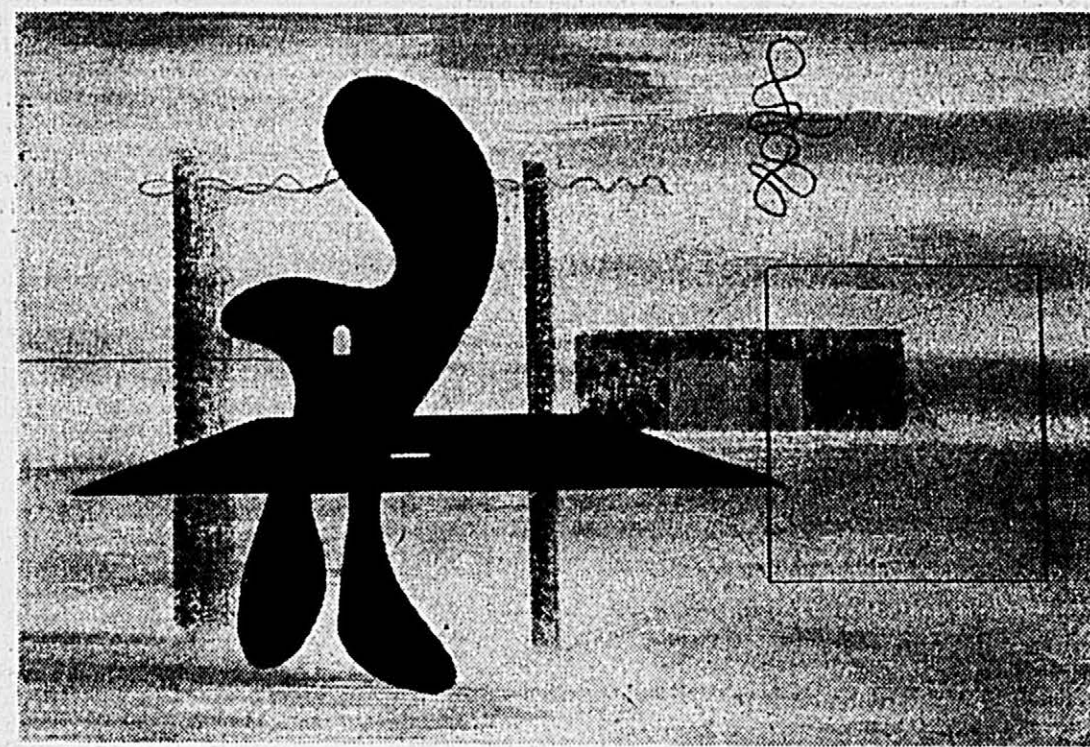
that they are outstanding and glowing in their heart's fullness,

when the temptation to bloom—seductive as evening-air,

touches their youthful mouths, brushes their eye-lids."

Rilke wrestles in his own hard way with the paradox of human existence and creates for himself a formula that might satisfy, at least temporarily, his artistic sense. It would be a mistake to consider Rilke's poetry religious in the ordinary sense of the word. Even his Book of Hours, which circles about God, now near, now remote, is essentially the ejaculation of an artist in distress. His God is his own creative genius, whom he must beseech, to whom he must offer the sacrifice of his bleeding life, in order that he may be granted the grace of the supreme prophetic moment.

(Continued on Page 4.)



DESIGN VERSAILLES No. (1) 1949. Painting by Gordon Webber, describing the ghostly elegance of the garden side of the Palace Versailles. The architectural simplicity of the building and the garden sculpture set as dark forms against the texture of the palace walls have a spaciousness still evident to-day.

the economic basis of canadian literature

By J. R. MALLORY

Most Canadians are able to read and write, but an extremely small number of them—even among the rather prosperous group which reaches the universities—is sufficiently educated to be able to read books. This is a very important consideration in the shaping of Canadian literature, for few books will be written if there is no one to read them.

The writing of books is not only an art but an industry. It involves the application of labor to materials and the marketing of the resultant product. To some extent the problem of getting a Canadian literature is not a cultural problem at all but a problem of economic organization. If we look at the producing of books as an industry we can see that some of its problems are like the problems of other Canadian industries and thus it becomes easier to isolate the aspects of the problem which are properly cultural.

All, or nearly all, Canadian industries are faced with certain problems of productive organization which are the result of climatic and geographical factors. The thinly scattered population of Canada makes the element of transportation cost alone assume abnormal significance (local beer is always cheaper than beer produced in some other province for this reason), while the limited nature of the market favours those enterprises which can be organized on a very large scale so that the overhead cost per unit can be spread over a very large number of articles. The production of books is in this respect no different from the production of beer or nails or automobiles.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

In economic terms we can divide the problems of getting readable books produced into problems which lie on the side of demand and problems which are connected with supply or production.

On the demand side there is the problem of finding a market in Canada for Canadian books. This is partly a problem of population size and population distribution. With a large population, concentrated in cities, the number of people available to buy books would be both large in number and concentrated in large enough clumps so that there would be more than two or three people interested in reading—or buying—each book. Where there are cities there might be libraries, both public and subscription, and a sufficient number of these alone might provide a demand large enough to assure a market of books of all types.

One of the factors in the demand for books is the nature of the population. By and large the book-reading and book-buying public has two characteristics. It is of the middle class so that it has both the means to buy books and the leisure to read them. It also has the education to want to read not only good books in the fields of fiction, non-fiction and poetry, but any books at all. Now unfortunately the proportion of the Canadian population which is middle class in this sense, leading an urban, leisured life, is comparatively small. A very high proportion of our population is

rural and for one reason or another lacks both the time and the inclination to read books. A more serious problem is that only a tiny fraction of the population is educated. There are no objective measurements of the size of this segment, but since it includes only about the top thirty per cent of the university population, its numbers are evidently small.

DISCRIMINATION LACKING

The main market for books must therefore be among the great mass of readers who are not educated. The mechanization of the printed word has left this completely undiscriminating market at the mercy of the producers of cheap and nasty substitutes for literature. The great bulk of the people who are able to afford books in Canada are so completely lacking in discrimination that their reading time is entirely taken up with a pseudo-literature comprised of products ranging from the Readers Digest and the works of Lloyd Douglas to the slick-paper magazines. The more sensitive, though ignorant of a readable literature, show their instinctive good taste by reading only the comics. The sellers of this pseudo-literature possess the advantages of large-scale productive organization (with resultant low unit cost) and an extremely efficient marketing organization. The marketing of books of reasonable quality in competition with this literary Brummagen-ware is a formidable problem in retail organization which can never be solved until it is possible greatly to increase the nucleus of people who are capable of reading books.

Until there is a change in the size, urban concentration, and educational level of our population the production of books will have to be limited to those works which are saleable in some larger market elsewhere. Books will tend to be produced to meet the requirements of the dominant market until the domestic market can be widened considerably. The only hopeful development to notice in this regard is the work done by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in producing programmes which arouse curiosity about books and which impose an intelligible standard of discrimination in entertainment generally.

On the supply side there are equally formidable difficulties which are fundamentally economic in character. In book production there are two distinct elements each with their special production problems, the publisher and the author.

LIMITED MARKET

The publisher of books in Canada is discouraged at the start by the limited nature of his market and the fewness of the lines on which he can expect a profit. The inexorable forces of high overhead in printing and small scale in production have discouraged enterprise and have left the field largely to publishers who are mainly selling agents for British and American firms. They frequently display the unenterprising fear of innovation which is characteristic of oligopoly. Book production is one of the forms of production which operates almost indefinitely at decreasing cost per unit. The main outlay in labor and

material goes in setting up, handling and storing the type in which books are set. Paper is comparatively cheap and the additional cost of another thousand volumes or so adds little to the publisher's overhead compared to the increase in his returns. The result is that the books which a publisher can afford to publish are the ones which he can print and sell in large quantities.

The greatest economies of scale can be achieved only by those books which will enjoy a considerable sale outside Canada. Cracking the American market is therefore the Canadian publisher's — and author's — dream. Canadian authors like Hugh MacLennan and Gabrielle Roy, who have a large American sale, are lucky — and rather rare. By the same token, since their books are read by a great many more Americans than Canadians, they will in all probability go to American publishers in the first place and sell their books on their suitability for the American market.

FULL-TIME JOB

The other part of the production process is the author himself. Writing, particularly creative writing, is a full-time job which is difficult if not impossible to combine with any other time-consuming activity. Poetry which requires intermittent concentration or relatively short duration is easier to combine with other work than is the writing of novels or other full-length works. An occasional author with abnormal physical stamina and nervous balance can write novels in his spare time. Writing a minimum of a thousand words every day before breakfast, as did Anthony Trollope, can produce as many novels as can conveniently be published. But novel-writing is creative work and very few creative writers are tidy enough in their habits to control their working moments. The average author is forced to make his living by his writing and the narrowness of the Canadian market makes it very difficult for more than a few authors to meet their costs of production.

Even an author must eat and the Canadian author must either supplement his income by doing something else or move himself bodily to the United States or Great Britain where full-time writing can be made to pay. The higher rewards which go to creative artists in metropolitan centres outside Canada exert a strong pull on the authors with the most marketable skills and leave behind many whose works could only be published out of motives of patriotism and plety rather than profit.

So far I have assumed that there are Canadian writers capable of producing good books if the purely productive and marketing problems could be overcome. I am not sure that that is the case. Canadian writers cannot be a very great deal better than the rest of their fellows and they seem in a good many cases to be as unobservant and superficial as their potential readers. The production of good Canadian books is likely to suffer from the same diseases as the production of the Canadian reader. Our inadequate

(Continued on Page 4.)

english literature • and us •

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Sometimes it seems more important to examine the conditions under which we may best retain our heritage in English Literature than merely to delight in that inheritance.

I wonder how many of us have decided that we know why so many public and high school and university students dislike or ignore English literature; why many of us can seem to get along reasonably well without any maintained interest in English Literature; and why we accept such a condition as natural if we consider it to exist.

By English Literature I mean Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats, Milton and Tennyson, Fielding and Swift and Dickens . . . add Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spenser; put in Dryden and Pope and Coleridge and Charles Lamb and Swinburne and Arnold and Browning, Jane Austen and George Eliot and Thomas Hardy, some moderns, and a score or so of others more or less precious for more or less right reasons, and you have the body of the stuff we may call our heritage in English Literature. The half dozen Scots writers and the disturbing Irish are sometimes associated with this central and overwhelming English material. That is our literary heritage.

I am of course thinking of English Literature as a public possession, not as a private preserve. Despite an insistent modern idiom and our emergent continentalism, despite the increasing impact of contemporary cosmopolitan culture and the development of vocational and technological emphasis, our heritage in English Literature will be safeguarded among us by the instinct for self preservation in the few. Arnold said that long ago.

But what of the many?

With regard to English Literature we Canadians, as a general public, by virtue of our political history, are in a dilemma. To more than half of us, (look up our population statistics) English Literature is an alien literature in a foreign tongue. To many of the rest of us, while it is in our tongue and is inevitably our greatest single available artistic asset, it is nevertheless something out of a soil not our own. Shakespeare's Warwickshire and Housman's Shropshire and Hardy's Wessex are England, not Canada. All that lovely and intense excitement and trouble of the human spirit so beautifully recorded in English Literature is, when we face up to it, both ours and not ours. The spirits of Heathcliff and Cathie hover over the Yorkshire moors but they are not quite accommodated on the Alberta plains. Stoke Poges is in England, not Ontario. A Canadian High School boy or girl can never come to these things as English boys and girls come to them.

Valiant Attempts

A hearty second year pre-medical student out here with us may develop a student's library and artistic interest in Isaac Walton, but he will not have the proximity of English countryside and shining streams and kindly inns with breath of lavender on the sheets to help him; indeed, his sense of prairie immensity and the splendour of high skies above elevator forms, loaded as they are with the emotional significance which is the potential of literature, may only bewilder his attempt to do his duty by an English classic. Constantly his own stuff must be ignored or by implication discredited while he makes valiant attempts to appreciate the power of a literature rich with alien materials. He passes examinations because he memorizes reference books and learns the trick of lying like a trooper, for which he hates himself.

notes on contributors

Patrick Anderson: Lecturer in the Dept. of English. Well known Canadian poet. Has published A Tent For April, and The White Centre. Has appeared in the leading Canadian, British and American poetry magazines.

H. G. Files: Chairman of the Department of English and of the Humanities Group at McGill University. Inaugurated the creative writing courses offered at the University.

Willem L. Graff: Chairman of the Department of German at McGill. He is the author of Languages And Languages—an introduction to Linguistics. Has contributed articles to "Language," "Toronto Quarterly," and "American Speech."

S. Lamb: Attended Columbia University before coming to McGill. Served with the Canadian Army in Europe.

Jean L. Launay: Chairman of the Department of Romance Languages at McGill University, and Director of the French summer School.

F. Mallory: Professor in the Dept. of Economics and Political Science. Has contributed to the

and the very name of literature: to him the stuff becomes the symbol of insincerity. He remembers that when he was eleven a thing called A Tale of Two Cities was crowded down his gullet a yard and a half of print at a time, and that at fifteen he was supposed to bow his head in sudden worship at the name of an immortal W. Wordsworth who seemed to have seen a devil of a lot of daffodils. If his uncle catches him reading The Grapes of Wrath he gets a lecture on his taste for filthy American journalism and the uncle hands him Dickens' Hard Times as an example of good literature if he must read that kind of novel. The poor lad gets more and more bewildered because his instincts and interests go against his instruction and he feels he should respect the instruction.

All but the purest of pure literature presents this problem in some form or another to the Canadian student. He usually solves it by ignoring literature altogether as soon as he can, as something negligible, if not alien. The whole social scene of the English novel from Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy seems remote to him. The social and political England of Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold puzzles him; it is supposed to be his, and yet it is not his. The result is a developed sense that there is a lack of articulation between life and literature; the very opposite of what should be the case. He ends by suspecting that literature, especially good and great literature, despite all that is said about it, is inconsequential. He can be a very good Canadian professional man without it, thank you.

EXTREME INSTANCE

I know this medical student and potential citizen may be an extreme instance. Many among the successive generations of our students find riches of many sorts in English Literature. But the alien localisms of trans-Atlantic writing forced on them in the name of tradition or patriotism create for thousands a sense of dislocation and unreality. Young Canadians are asked to delight in "Chevy Chase" while it is considered a breach of taste even to notice a cow-boy ballad, or something out of Nova Scotia.

The very glory of English Literature, the fact that so much of it is so local and so English in terms not only of English landscape but of English manners and English mind, is merely a constant exasperation of this, our Canadian dilemma. We Canadians are people possessed by inheritance of one of the greatest and most national literatures of the world. A very great deal of it is merely by colonial inheritance politically ours; it is not indigenously ours. Unless we can understand and handle the situation thus created and make the proper discriminations, it can mean only increasing disaster to literary appreciation among our young people. The end of literary appreciation is a wise catholicity, but the beginning is often a homey natural immediacy. We Canadian are in danger of missing this beginning.

As our Canadian society matures, our school and university classrooms must sharpen their sense of responsibility towards literature. It is only by accident that true literary appreciation is recreated if our classrooms have killed it. I believe that our schools and universities turn out every year into Canadian life thousands of young people glad to get away from and forget that is meant by the term English Literature.

I am not at all unaware of the fact that, in spite of this state of affairs, this heritage in English Literature is being guarded among

French literature today is marked, by a deep seriousness and a tremendous desire to seek the truth in all its forms, even if this quest involves a completely new approach and the refusal to listen to the lessons of the past. One could not expect, of course, the companions of the Resistance and the survivors of forced labor camps to find spiritual sustenance in conventional literature and the doctrine of art for art's sake. Even those intellectual Frenchmen whose conduct during the years of German Occupation was not entirely blameless, have had so many of their illusions shattered that they have acquired a definite dislike for literary escapism. And thus there is no wish in the post-war reading public to avoid facing up to the ugly or tragic aspects of life. On the contrary, they will listen only to men who are trying to give, and sometimes giving, answers to the moral problems which were everybody's problems during the War. The most obvious result, or consequence, of this mood, has been the breaking down of the barriers separating the different modes and expressions of thought.

To judge post-war intellectual production by pre-war standards one is struck by the merging of the different "genres" which hitherto had been classified in separate compartments. In the shop windows of the Paris bookellers the observer will notice very few volumes of "pure philosophy", and even fewer books of "pure literature", but he will find displayed under the familiar coloured wrappers of the main publishing firms, large numbers of works of a hybrid character. They can be labelled either philosophic literature or literary philosophy and they bear witness to the spirit of the new generation of French intellectuals who maintain that the professional philosopher and the professional man of letters should unite into one writer who can produce now a novel, now a play, now a treatise, now a radio drama, using in turn the medium that will serve best the cause to which he has "committed himself".

ANDRE MALRAUX

The notion that a writer should "commit himself" to the support of a cause is not altogether new. In two brilliant and very much discussed novels, Andre Malraux, in the thirties, had launched the idea that an intellectual who did not devote his life to action was as much of a traitor as a priest violating the Commandments to which he preached obedience. Malraux had vindicated his democratic beliefs by joining the Spanish Republicans and serving as a bomber pilot in the ranks of the International Brigade. But Malraux was then a self-confessed Communist and his gospel appeared far too violent to raise a response among French intellectuals. Today Malraux is still committed, this time to the cause of General De Gaulle. He is the General's Chief of Staff and the brains behind the General's political party, The Rally of the French People. Although he has not abandoned his literary career, he has now become a man of action first and foremost. But his pre-war example should be considered a landmark and a turning point in the evolution of contemporary French literature. Jean-Paul Sartre proceeds from Malraux in direct line, as Zola proceeded from Taine, and this debt should be acknowledged before outlining the doctrine of the Number One Intellectual of post-war France.

Jean-Paul Sartre has now been in the headlines for five years as

us. But sometimes it is guarded altogether too jealously. Too often it is guarded by thwarted spinsters, male and female, and dogmatic traditionalists without say, Ben Jonson's insight. The living tradition of English Literature will be better maintained in our schools on this western continent as we throw a quarter of our present text book stuff away and substitute indigenous contemporary materials. In such conjunction the past will not damn the present; neither will the present damn the past. Each will enrich and interpret the other.

There is no question about it, much of the past is dying today at the hands of this dreadful present.

LIVING PRESENT

But not the whole of the past; and the way to safeguard the values of the past is to set them in terms of a living present. Even the classics may continue to be taught in their own tongues on these terms and without too much discreet desperation.

Literature is a living craft, it is the continuing art of the expression of ourselves. I am even willing to see a lad discover this fact in Liberty or the Saturday Evening Post. If he really discovers it, if his teachers are as alive as he is, he'll be reading Lamb before he is done. The past also will be waiting for him once he is persuaded of the vital connection between literature and life; once he is persuaded that literature is not separation from life but rather the intensification

of the father of Existentialism, and his extraordinary popularity does not seem to be on the wane although Existentialism itself is under constant and bitter attacks. The Existentialist craze swallowed up the Latin quarter in 1945, and it was a common occurrence to meet a Sorbonne student and hear him ask the question "Are you an Existentialist?" If the general public naturally did not take kindly to a philosophy which was a cut above the grasp of the average man, French intellectuals generally considered the advent of Existentialism as a literary event of major importance.

Sartre was born in Paris in 1905, lost his father at a very early age and was brought up by a very devoted mother.

He began writing at the age of six and has been writing ever since. By trade he is a professor of Philosophy and his doctoral thesis, an abstruse, seven hundred page dissertation, has been through as many editions as a best seller. In the last ten years he has written two collections of short stories, or 3 books of literary criticism, half a dozen plays, and one long novel which is still unfinished. Two of the plays were produced on the New York stage and were feted by the intelligentsia of Greenwich Village. They were "The Flies" and "The Respectful Prostitute." The unusual title of the latter play earned it a review in Time Magazine. But generally speaking, Existentialism did not make much of an impression on the American public.

Remarkable Feature

The most remarkable feature of Sartre's literary productions is that they were written as examples of how Existentialism applies in various circumstances and explains most men's behaviours. Once divorced from the philosophy which they illustrate they remain very skillful specimens of literary craftsmanship — for Sartre is undoubtedly a great writer with a most unusual command of French—but they lose their real life and inspiration. For that reason an attempt to define what Existentialism means to the layman may not be out of place.

The Existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre is an athletic philosophy which derives its name from its first tenet, that, in man, existence precedes essence, while it is the reverse in the case of objects and all created and fabricated things. In classical philosophy man was defined by reference to the concept of man. Sartre asserts that this cannot be so since man exists independently of this concept and before it. Man can only be defined by what he does. Such is the fundamental creed of Existentialism, the demonstration of which is worth quoting to do justice to the brilliancy of the demonstrator.

Sartre demonstrates that in the case of objects, essence precedes existence by reasoning on his favorite example of the paper knife. French books are sold uncut and, therefore, a paper knife is an essential part of a French intellectual's equipment. Many philosophers before Sartre have used the paper knife as the typical material object, but none of them has so thoroughly investigated the philosophic value of this humble tool. My paper knife, says Sartre, was made by craftsman who knew three things: first what services a paper knife should perform, then what a paper knife should look like, and lastly, how the paper knife could be carved

out of a piece of wood or moulded out of a bar of iron.

In other words, if the craftsman knew all these things before he decided to fabricate a paper knife, he knew the "concept" of the paper knife. For him, as for me, a paper knife is an object carved in a certain way which answers a certain need. You could not imagine any man producing a paper knife unless he was aware of its use. The concept—or essence—of the paper knife, i.e. the qualities which define it and its technique of production, existed in the craftsman's mind before the latter tackled the job of making the knife and that knife came into existence. Essence thus preceded existence in the case of the paper knife and will be found by similar reasonings to precede existence in the case of all creation.

GOD AND MAN
Now if man has been created by God, the concept of man will have preceded the existence of man in the mind of God, and all men will be created according to the same concept, which is the reflection of the Divine Understanding. Therefore, all men will have in common the concept from which they all originate, the concept of human nature on which rests all our classical literature which assumes that each man is just one particular example of the universal concept of man. But if the existence of God is denied, the process is reversed. Man is not created, says Sartre, he happens to be-born and appears in our world as one passing moment in the evolution of the globe. He is no better than an accident. Though he rules the earth today, his rule is no more secure than that of the prehistoric mammoth, and like the mammoth, his race will eventually vanish and become extinct. But man differs from the mammoth in one respect: he knows himself to be a thinking animal, and, since the time of Descartes, this obvious superiority has been exploited to the full.

But the fact that man thinks is in itself insufficient to establish a concept of man—since, according to Sartre, a concept is a technique of production, etc. . . . There can be no concept of man before man makes his appearance. In man's case, existence must precede the concept or essence, and there can be no concept of human nature in which all men can participate. The only way to define man will be to record his actions or his possibilities of actions. Existentialism, will define man as the particular animal who walks on two legs, thinks, builds houses, flies airplanes, writes books, and invents the atomic bomb.

Human condition, according to the Existentialists, is a very wretched one. To be born in a world completely indifferent to us and to know that we are just a fleeting instant in the evolution of cosmic matter, is not an incentive to a very cheerful view of life. But this life is made harder still by Sartre's ethic, one of the strictest ever to be devised and of Kantian inspiration, with a vengeance.

In this hostile, or at least indifferent, world of ours, man has a burden to carry, the burden of his freedom, from which he cannot be relieved. This freedom is defined by the possibility of choice between various courses of action. One particular act is always the result of a choice between many other possible acts, and out of this freedom of choice arises the responsibility of man. Once again this notion is far from new, but the conclusions drawn therefrom form the basis of Jean-Paul Sartre's practical philosophy.

For, if action means commitment and responsibility, one man is responsible not only for his own actions but for the actions of all men. To quote Sartre for short: "Each one of our acts defines the sort of man we want to be and thus defines the concept of man which we think should be." In other words you cannot commit yourself to a line of conduct without committing the whole of mankind along with you. This consideration makes it extremely difficult to make a choice. If I am to take a perfectly simple and commonplace decision such as "shall I have a drink before dinner?"

I should, if I were an Existentialist, first ask myself: do I want all men to have a drink before dinner; if I have a philosophic turn of mind the question will take the form of: do I want the concept of man to include the notion that man is an animal that takes a drink before dinner?

But in any case, the question must be asked and I must stop and think before taking such a serious step. This example may

existentialism: a modern philosophical problem

out of a piece of wood or moulded out of a bar of iron.

In other words, if the craftsman knew all these things before he decided to fabricate a paper knife, he knew the "concept" of the paper knife. For him, as for me, a paper knife is an object carved in a certain way which answers a certain need. You could not imagine any man producing a paper knife unless he was aware of its use. The concept—or essence—of the paper knife, i.e. the qualities which define it and its technique of production, existed in the craftsman's mind before the latter tackled the job of making the knife and that knife came into existence. Essence thus preceded existence in the case of the paper knife and will be found by similar reasonings to precede existence in the case of all creation.

GOD AND MAN

Now if man has been created by God, the concept of man will have preceded the existence of man in the mind of God, and all men will

existentialism
and you . . .
By
Jean L. Launay

be created according to the same concept, which is the reflection of the Divine Understanding. Therefore, all men will have in common the concept from which they all originate, the concept of human nature on which rests all our classical literature which assumes that each man is just one particular example of the universal concept of man. But if the existence of God is denied, the process is reversed. Man is not created, says Sartre, he happens to be-born and appears in our world as one passing moment in the evolution of the globe. He is no better than an accident. Though he rules the earth today, his rule is no more secure than that of the prehistoric mammoth, and like the mammoth, his race will eventually vanish and become extinct. But man differs from the mammoth in one respect: he knows himself to be a thinking animal, and, since the time of Descartes, this obvious superiority has been exploited to the full.

But the fact that man thinks is in itself insufficient to establish a concept of man—since, according to Sartre, a concept is a technique of production, etc. . . . There can be no concept of man before man makes his appearance. In man's case, existence must precede the concept or essence, and there can be no concept of human nature in which all men can participate. The only way to define man will be to record his actions or his possibilities of actions. Existentialism, will define man as the particular animal who walks on two legs, thinks, builds houses, flies airplanes, writes books, and invents the atomic bomb.

Human condition, according to the Existentialists, is a very wretched one. To be born in a world completely indifferent to us and to know that we are just a fleeting instant in the evolution of cosmic matter, is not an incentive to a very cheerful view of life. But this life is made harder still by Sartre's ethic, one of the strictest ever to be devised and of Kantian inspiration, with a vengeance.

In this hostile, or at least indifferent, world of ours, man has a burden to carry, the burden of his freedom, from which he cannot be relieved. This freedom is defined by the possibility of choice between various courses of action. One particular act is always the result of a choice between many other possible acts, and out of this freedom of choice arises the responsibility of man. Once again this notion is far from new, but the conclusions drawn therefrom form the basis of Jean-Paul Sartre's practical philosophy.

For, if action means commitment and responsibility, one man is responsible not only for his own actions but for the actions of all men. To quote Sartre for short: "Each one of our acts defines the sort of man we want to be and thus defines the concept of man which we think should be." In other words you cannot commit yourself to a line of conduct without committing the whole of mankind along with you. This consideration makes it extremely difficult to make a choice. If I am to take a perfectly simple and commonplace decision such as "shall I have a drink before dinner?"

I should, if I were an Existentialist, first ask myself: do I want all men to have a drink before dinner; if I have a philosophic turn of mind the question will take the form of: do I want the concept of man to include the notion that man is an animal that takes a drink before dinner?

But in any case, the question must be asked and I must stop and think before taking such a serious step. This example may

appear to reduce to absurdity the fundamentals of Sartre's ethics but it illustrates the rigorism and rigidity of his positions. If the fate of mankind hangs in the balance for each one of his possible acts, decisions will be hard to reach. There will be many occasions when no decision at all will be reached. While I weigh the pros and cons of these decisions of mine, I should experience a feeling of moral anguish which, together with the feeling of my individual loneliness, should ever be present in the mind of a man worthy of that name.

Key Words

Freedom, responsibility and anguish are the key words of Sartre's moral system, and anguish, is literally speaking, the word which matters. For Sartre feels very strongly about those men—and women too—who do not experience this anguish out of which the true concept of man is born. He brands them knaves or cowards and over 99 per cent of mankind falls into that category. Knaves and cowards are common characters in literature. Novels thrive on them and particularly French novels of the last hundred years. But the attitude of Flaubert and Zola towards their most despicable characters is not always one of utter condemnation. Their cowards and their knaves could hardly help being what they were. According to the prevalent sentiment some men were born heroes and martyrs, others quite the reverse. What an utterly false conception, argues Sartre. The knave is responsible for his knavery, the coward for his cowardice, and those faults are not in themselves but in their actions. Let them but once take the right decision and they will be entirely regenerated.

"The Way to Freedom." Sartre's three-volume novel, is the demonstration of this contention. The first two volumes picture a variety of characters behaving according to the prevailing moral code of their time and, one must admit, behaving very badly even according to that imperfect code. They are drawn from all classes of French society and the central character is a professor of philosophy, Sartre himself. The third volume hasn't been published yet. But it will show the reader the same characters snapping out of their depravity under the stress of enemy occupation and behaving like heroes in the underground resistance, having under-

stood under great difficulties, the necessity of experiencing anguish before action and of sacrificing their lives to the Existentialist concept of man.

Many well-informed and sympathetic observers of things French have been wondering why and how such a dismal philosophy could have appealed to a nation renowned for its common sense. They often dismiss Existentialism as one of those queer movements that always arise at the end of a war and enjoy a temporary popularity with the very young whose minds and habits have been unsettled by events. I am afraid I do not share this view at the moment. That the life of the French people under the German Occupation paved the way for the present success of Existentialism, is undoubtedly true. But Existentialism is not essentially French, far from it. It is a European movement whose exponents belong to various countries. Sartre is only the most successful of them, probably because he is the best writer. The roots of the movement go deep. The seeds of Existentialism were planted far back in the 18th century when Voltaire and his school led the thinkers of western Europe in an onslaught on organized Christian churches. Our Christian civilization has been on trial ever since. Existentialism is the philosophy of men who have lost two faiths. They lost their religious faith two hundred years ago.

They replaced it by faith in human progress—the faith which inspired the French Revolution and which developed into blind faith in science and social advancement. That second faith has now gone too. The last two world wars have shown mankind that its highly developed intellectual powers have not furthered the happiness of the race. The price of man's life has gone down. Sudden death is an ever-present possibility and many thinkers despair of saving man from himself. This despair accounts for the acceptance of Existentialist pessimism on the part of many intellectuals. To my mind, any doctrine which emphasizes the absurdity of human life and the hopelessness of reason is bound to find some adherents today. Intellectuals who have forsaken Christianity must needs find an ersatz ideal. Sartre is honestly and courageously seeking the truth according to his lights. His honesty and courage command respect but his lights are just lights and not enlightenment.

A to M

alphabet of prejudice

A—Should one begin with America, or Art? Perhaps their present incompatibility can best be expressed by plumping for Altrick, a new invention whose virtue, as we are told constantly over CJAD in a singing commercial of more than usual horror, is that it "kills odors, kills odors." Not, as Lady Macbeth would have hoped from the perfumes of Arabia, the smell of blood (which our generation has known to be prevalent enough) but the odors of onions, cabbages and stale tobacco. Which is perhaps appropriate. Violence is something we repress; dirt we disapprove of thoroughly; yet no civilization has ever built so many shining surfaces over so profound and dark a wound.

B—it would be nice to say Beauty, especially in one of Plato's definitions — "a lively shining or glittering brightness, resulting from effused good by ideas, seeds, reasons, shadows, stirring up our minds that by this good they may be united and made good" — but I guess it will have to be Beer, and Barbarism too, for what more barbarous than the way beer is consumed in this city? No shabby and Dickensian warmth, such as Des Esseintes sought on his abortive trip to London, informs the clinical anonymity of our taverns. The alleviating presence of women, is not tolerated. Movement from group to group, or from table to bar, is not possible. Instead isolated figures make fish-eyes at le neant, rouse themselves from torpor to emit bleak grunts, return obsessively to the melancholy effervescence of their drinks. How one misses the charlatades of London under the blotted splendour of their velvet toques, the retired girls with their red hair, glass eyes and airdales, or the man who sells necklaces he makes himself out of benzedrine tubes.

C—is for Criticism, which Arnold believed to be looking steadily at the object etcetera, but which I perform in a much less admirable way by visiting bookshops and there, in the secret places reserved for poetry, alternately depressing and elevating with

the tips of my fingers the books I notice. Exalted and oppressed by the sense of alienation, even indeed of criminality, which a writer must feel in a bookshop devoted to selling bad books and good fountain pens, it is my habit to encourage Stephen Spender by pulling him slightly forward, to push back E. J. Pratt, and to enjoy the sound of Alfred Noyes as he slips entirely out of sight and drops, perhaps forever, into the dusty abyss behind the shelves.

D—is Departmentalization, the fatal flaw in Canadian life, which sees to it that on no account must anyone engaged in one profession (especially of a cultural kind) have anything to do with anyone engaged in another. How and where, for example, do the bright boys of the CBC seek out the bright boys of McGill, and whoever heard of the Literary Editor or the Art Editor or even the Dramatic Critic of a newspaper ever encouraging anybody outside their own organization to do anything? How true this is of the wealthy too! How long have I awaited a note which read: "Please come to cocktails at five — Ernest Hemingway will be there" or, better, "I don't know you, and I haven't time or inclination to read your work, but I understand you write. I have a cottage in the country and would like to lend it you as I'm sure you badly need rest. There's one servant there and a good deal of whiskey."

E—is for T. S. Eliot, easily the most moving poet of our day.

F—is for Freedom—not altogether the same thing as "democracy" for which like E. M. Forster I would give only two (admittedly rousing) cheers. I believe that a large part of man's spirit is evil, or at least untidy, and most men live lives of quiet desperation. Freedom involves that kind of discipline which burns personality into character romantic love into good manners. The essence of life is caught in the metaphor; that is why I approve of a certain amount of formality (Continued on Page 4.)

bohemians and totalitarians

By F. WATKINS

ONE of the strangest features of the current literary scene is the reaction of many artists and intellectuals to the problem of totalitarian government. Experience has shown that no single class of men has more to lose by the triumph of dictatorship. It is true that in the totalitarian countries, above all in Communist Russia, the intellectuals often occupy a favorable, not to say grossly over-privileged, economic position. Their high standard of living has been won, however, at the expense of complete subservience to the dictates of political authority.

The banalities of official art in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, and the party-line pressures recurrently directed against the remnants of the creative arts in Russia, are an indication of the dangers of intellectual sterilization implicit in the process. Since the artists and writers of the west often complain that the comparatively free air of democracy is already too restrictive to meet the requirements of artistic freedom, it might be supposed that they would be unanimously opposed to the spectacle of totalitarian regimentation.

This is not the case. Although a majority have enlisted themselves against the forces of dictatorship, their acceptance of constitutional democracy is in many cases half-hearted and apologetic. A sizeable minority still continue, moreover, to support the ideals of Communist or, more rarely, of Fascist dictatorship, and try to explain away the regimentation of the arts as a transitory and insignificant feature of the totalitarian process. Totalitarian persecution has weakened, but it has by no means destroyed the attraction of dictatorial ideas for artistic and intellectual circles. In spite of all rebuffs, the victims still are more than half in love with their prospective executioners.

The persistence of so perverse a love affair requires some explanation. For one willing to combine a smattering of Freudianism with the party-line approach, a possible explanation lies readily to hand. Our artists and writers, having been reduced by an oppressive system to a condition of utter decadence and sterility, are simply trying to escape from an impossible situation by committing group suicide. The hypothesis of a collective death-wish is rather too simple, however, to fit any non-Soviet estimate of the facts of the case. Although the state of Western art and letters may not be superlatively healthy, signs of creative vitality are still sufficiently widespread to discourage the notion that suicide must be the conscious or unconscious desire of Western intellectuals. A more prosaic explanation of their curious behavior would seem to be in order.

BRIEF EXCURSION

In attempting to understand the unrequited love of artists for dictators, it is necessary to make a brief excursion to the Kingdom of Bohemia. Long before the war between East and West had ever been heard of, the intellectual and artistic life of the West had been the scene of an equally bitter and protracted war between the Bohemians and the Philistines. Many of the creative and near-creative artists of our time brought up in the days when artistic respectability could be won only by enlisting in the forces of Bohemia in a struggle to the death against Philistia. To a considerable extent their minds were shaped by the ideology which emerged in the course of that historic struggle.

Now it so happens that the political and social ideas of Bohemia are closely analogous to, and have contributed largely to the development of, the theories of Communism and of Fascism. At a time when the Philistines were groping their way toward constitutional democracy, the Bohemians had already committed themselves to the ideas and institutions of dictatorship. When an ex-Bohemian ranges himself on the side of constitutional freedom, he is in the unhappy position of one who is guilty of betraying his native country. Under these circumstances it is not necessary to resort to the hypothesis of a collective death-wish in order to understand why so many intellectuals find it difficult to adjust themselves to a world where democracy has become a condition of intellectual self-preservation.

Considering that comparatively few artists and writers have ever had the occasion to live a traditional Bohemian existence, it might seem excessive to credit Bohemianism with any considerable influence on the intellectual life of our own times. If Bohemia had consisted merely of the unconventional inhabitants of the world's various Latin Quarters, it would rightly be dismissed as nothing more than one of the minor vagaries of modern social life. The significance of the Latin Quarter lies, however, in the fact that it was the overt expression of a general discontent which became in the course of the 19th century the dominant force in the intellectual life of the West. During most periods of history, the intellectual and the ruling classes have been united in a partnership of mutual respect. This normal partnership was broken in 19th-century Euro-

pe as a result of the industrial revolution. In a time of unprecedentedly rapid social and economic changes, an unusually high proportion of the energies of society had to be devoted to tasks of material construction. The greatest rewards of power and prestige went to those who could contribute directly to this work.

Aesthetic and cultural interests seemed relatively unimportant to men whose lives were spent in the conquest of material power. Artists and intellectuals were naturally offended by the standards of a society which believed that it could tell what a man was "worth" by enumerating his financial assets. The 19th-century was marked, therefore, by a progressively widening cleavage between the intellectual and the ruling classes. Some of the former gave expression to their discontent by flouting the canons of bourgeois respectability in a Bohemian world of their own.

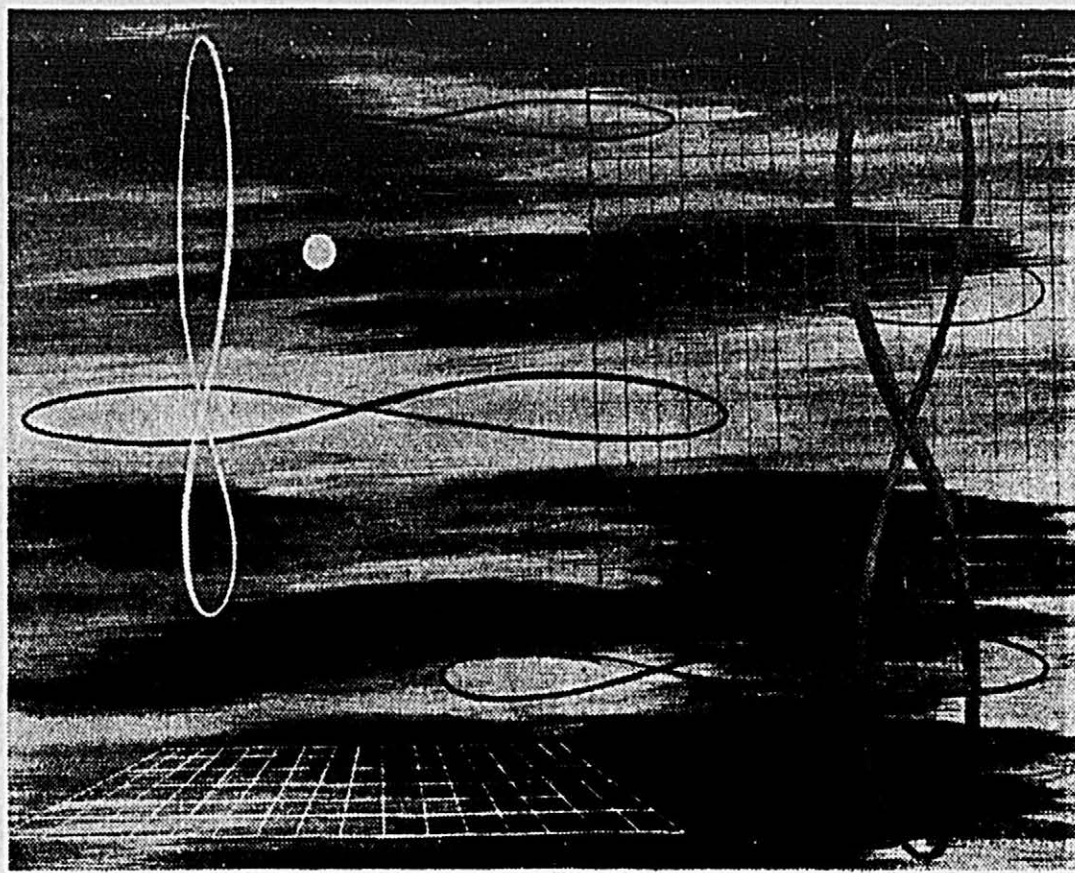
Their contempt for the normal life of their times was no greater, however, than that of the far larger number of intellectuals who continued to live in conformity with ordinary social requirements. Although a man like Carlyle would have been horrified at the thought of joining the revels of the Latin Quarter, he was second to none in his hatred of the 19th-century cult of materialistic mediocrity. Opposition to the Philistines was the symbol of artistic and intellectual integrity in an age when the rulers of the earth seemed ready to sacrifice all other values on the altars of material success. This made it possible for Bohemianism, latent or overt, to acquire a dominant position in the intellectual life of the West.

CULT OF GENIUS
In opposition to the materialistic religion of Philistia, the Bohemians dedicated themselves to the cult of genius. This cult was the product and culmination of the romantic movement. Although people have always recognized the value of outstanding talents, it has generally been believed that such talents should be employed in accordance with normal standards of social behavior. For the romantics, on the other hand, genius was a gift so incomparably holy that it had to be recognized as a law unto itself. For a man of genius, the object of life was to achieve the fullest possible measure of self-expression.

For those less gifted, the highest duty was to encourage and support him in his efforts. When the young Henry Adams paid a visit to Victor Hugo, he was somewhat affronted to hear the great one's disciples address him as a god. Unfortunately Adams was only a New Englander, and New Englanders are congenitally incapable of rising to the higher flights of romantic sensibility. Whereas Carlyle was willing to submerge himself in the worship of an authentic hero, poor Emerson had to rest content with representative men. For artists and intellectuals who felt that their gifts were insufficiently appreciated by the ruling Philistines, the cult of genius was decidedly attractive. To impose their cult upon the world became their guiding aspiration.

EFFECT OF CULT
The effect of the cult of genius was to alienate a considerable proportion of the artistic and intellectual classes from the modern democratic movement. In the Kingdom of Philistia, protests against the abuses of economic power were leading, in the course of the 19th and early 20th centuries, to increasingly successful measures of democratic control. The idea that average, untalented men should have the right to determine their own destinies was sadly at variance with Bohemian habits of thought. Although many intellectuals found Philistia more attractive than Bohemia, and contented themselves with the possibility of exerting genuinely democratic leadership, it was hard for genuine Bohemians to desert their ancestral gods. The cult of genius had taught them that true creativity is the monopoly of a particularly talented elite, and that the most gifted leaders of that elite have a natural right to absolute self-expression.

A proper Bohemian might well believe that it was his mission to raise the cultural level of the masses, but he was bound to approach the unenlightened populace



DESIGN No. (x) 1948-49. Painting by Gordon Webber. Describing the infinity of Time and Space. The simple shape elements are posed to create an everlasting movement. There is no one point where it begins or ends.

Unbarred Shutters

the literature of per sonality

By A. S. NOAD

FOR years I have spent a good deal of my time reading personal memoirs, autobiographies, diaries, and collected letters. One cannot, it seems to me, know an age without knowing its individual self-revelations; hence an excellent case might be made in justification of such reading as a means to an end, a direct path into the consciousness of nation, culture, or historical period. And no doubt many of those who share my tastes have acquired them with this idea in mind.

The historian, whether political, economic, religious, or of that new type to which the name "historian of ideas" appears to be attaching itself, must, in his search for the characteristic "tone" of what he is studying, try to explore the self-portrayals of its inmates with the hope of finding some common factor, and the significant variants which provide the links with its past and its future. The results of his research will be incorporated with what he has drawn from other sources, but he is usually scrupulous about supplying "references" in footnotes or appendices that will guarantee the first-hand quality of his information. Thus I have found that a great many readers who are not specialists are familiar with the names of Joinville and Bernal Diaz, of Dorothy Osborne and Saint-Simon (to mention a few at random), without ever having read a line of what they wrote.

It is not, however, this instrumental value of the personal revelation that particularly attracts me; there are plenty of reasons besides the historian's why we should devote some time to the study of the great confessions, whether avowed or unconscious, which abound in Western literature. First, the literary or aesthetic. Now it is true that many autobiographies and volumes of letters are not, as compared with novels or dramas, well-rounded artistic wholes. Books like St. Augustine's Confessions and Silvio Pellico's My Prisons are the exception rather than the rule; these, after all, were produced by skilled men of letters who had mastered the art of self-expression before they ever set out to be autobiographers. And letters such as those of Erasmus or Mme. de Sevigne do not grow on every bush. Yet there is a special charm exerted by even the most naive piece of writing that faces the peculiar problem of speaking to an unguessed reader, situated perhaps many generations in the future, and letting him into the secret places of one's personal life.

DIFFERENT MATTER

For one thing, there is the circumstance, absent from even the most slipshod of invented stories or poems, that the writer never

in a spirit of uncompromising intellectual superiority. If the majority could be persuaded to accept the authenticity of his genius, well and good. If not, no democratic or other scruples ought to stand in the way of his purposes. In the Kingdom of Bohemia, a man's right to self-expression depended on the degree of his inspiration, and his power depended on his capacity to attract a following of ardently worshipful disciples. In the Kingdom of Philistia all men were supposed to have equal rights, and special gifts were not recognized as justification for the violation of constitutional rules. To proper Bohemians, the very thought of such restraint was intolerable. Their only hope was to remain true to their homeland, and to work for the day when a true hero might arise to lead them as a conquering army against the forces of constitutional government.

The tragedy of the Bohemians, like that of so many revolutionists, is that their hope of revolution has been fulfilled. During the past thirty years Communist and Fascist leaders have appeared to vindicate the rights of the elite against

records, and the studied and interpretative account turned out near the end of a man's career. In the one, the writer is communing with himself, in the other with a public. Strive as he may to keep a defensive tone out of the pages, no one writes his memoirs without some thought of self-justification. It might even be said that it is in precisely the books which make the loudest claims to impartiality and frankness that the subtlest sophistries of the defence mechanism appear. When we have (as sometimes happens) both journal and autobiography from the same hand, there offers itself a field of matchless potentialities. "Here's richness," indeed. The one document so constantly sheds a revealing light upon the other. Nor would it be wise to assume that the "truer" picture is always given in the more unstudied document.

Pepys, for instance. How many readers of his Diary complete it with a glance through his Letters, which give a far broader and in some way fairer view of his personality and career than the Diary could possibly offer? Now, if we had a Memoirs and Recollections from that busy pen, composed at the close of its activities, might we not be able to rectify still further, and to feel that we knew as much about Samuel Pepys as he ever thought fit to confess, even to himself?

RICH FARE

Some may be inclined to regard diaries, autobiographies, and the like as the raw material of literature rather than literature proper. These can find their provender among the epistolary writers — a fare at once rich and exultingly flavoured.

The letter owes its charm not to one personality but to two. It is the interplay between these, the repeated advance and retreats, the attacks and the covering actions, that gives to the best correspondence its characteristic flavour. Dorothy Osborne and Sir William Temple, Horace Walpole and Mme. du Deffand — how much each owes to the other! And what incomparable craftsmen (and women) there have been in this field. "The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine" is nothing to the sensibility of Mme. de Sevigne or a Cowper. It is too bad, really, that most modern readers come to these artists only as represented in anthologies; the unit is the correspondence, not the single missive.

Once get the taste for this sort of reading and you will find that you have opened a door into a world of delights, a world the complexity and strangeness of whose inmates rival anything the novelist or dramatist could imagine, and yet one where you are continually being recalled to the homely details of everyday life. As you make your way through it, you may realize the existence of an art of quite unrivalled difficulty and delicacy, once cultivated by generations of wise and sympathetic men and women but now, perhaps, unduly neglected — the art of living.

the writer in our society

LITERATURE, together with the Fine Arts, constitutes a vast accumulation of human thoughts, visions, emotions, values, which escape the limited classifications of science and philosophy — a fund of individual testimonies concerning human experience, the nature and relations of the self and the world.

It approaches the spirit of science when it observes and reports somewhat closely the world of fact, but in the very act of transcending the scientist's self-imposed limitation of vision, it falls short of his meaning out of its display of particulars, types and symbols; but the philosophical artist usually reaches his conclusions with less insistent, prolonged, intellectual testing of his intuitions than serves to develop and support the ideal constructions of the philosopher. Yet clearly the artist in expressing his sense of life truthfully may at the same time have the help of whatever is most essential and humanly relevant in the work of scientist and philosopher.

A special difficulty for such comparison, however, comes from the artist's frequently vaguer sense of responsibility and his more diverse and complex intentions. The artist's exercise of creative imagination is perhaps rarely guided by such clear-cut self-conscious purpose as guides the activity of philosopher and scientist. The artist expresses himself, or, in less ambiguous language, he expresses his sense of things (which may mean, in one period or social phase, a widely shared, representative or common sense of things, or in another, a more specialized, perhaps unique, experience); he endeavors to represent sincerely what seems to him of particular significance and value in his acquaintance with the world. The quality of personal vision and personal style in every

have some awareness of reality, deeper and more intense than is generally felt, and outside the intellectually accepted categories. And though he speak of his own experience, he may appear to speak, not for himself only, but for the best consciousness of his time; often, because of the concreteness and the pleasurable of art, spreading its wisdom deeply in the mind, will, and emotions, of humanity. The great work of art, reflecting abundantly the experience of a great mind makes it possible for other minds both to share in that experience, and to deal more effectively with their own.

To assist this double process through all the resources of accurate imaginative knowledge and well cultivated taste is a chief aim of university instruction and research in literature and art. Teaching relies on the assumption that human beings are generally in some way and degree creative, capable, i.e., of making a creative response to stimuli. Without knowing it, perhaps, they have imagination; and often without consciously cultivating it beyond the spontaneous activities associated with curiosity, speculation, and wonder.

The greater artists are those who have been able to develop to remarkable lengths certain nascent tendencies and potentialities that exist, less exercised and disciplined, less robust and imperative, in possibly all human beings. To enjoy, and to learn from the artists, one must share something at least of their endowment.

Such considerations may serve to justify, not only the study of man's historic self-expression through languages, literatures, and other arts and also the experimental trial and cultivation of imaginative and artistic capacity in such student as have more than the average enthusiasm and promise for such work. Courses that encourage creative expression are still regarded in some quarters as a doubtful novelty in the university curriculum: the poet, it is urged, is born, not made. Such attitudes, however, hardly take the true measure of either the hope or the humility which should characterize the enterprise. Without exaggerating the creative role of the teacher in discovering and aiding talent, it may be said that if the same sensitiveness and imaginativeness are applied here as would be expected in the interpretation of literary history, the good effect on the student need not be doubted. The young writer trying to exert the full resources of his personality in the task of imaginative writing will normally begin to move out of confusion toward greater maturity, zest, and curiosity. By writing he learns not only how to write, but how to appreciate good or great writing with a sharpened awareness, and how to improve his mental alertness and interest in living.

Courses in creative expression require certain favourable conditions and methods: they reject so far as possible the mass-production techniques of our educational system. They rely on a close personal relationship between student and instructor, on a process of learning by doing, and on critical guidance aiming to assist the student's efforts to shape effectively his observations, experiences, values. The discipline thus includes aesthetic training, but commonly requires the cooperation of the personality as a whole towards sincere expression. It supplements the interpretation of great writers by throwing oblique light on their problems and achievements. It serves to demonstrate that art exists in no vacuum, but has its roots in human life; and it emphasizes that the function of art is to harmonize the impressions and faculties of those who create art and those who simply enjoy it, and to communicate the truest insight of the artist.

creative
writing
By
H. G. Files

work of art accounts for the endless variety, on different planes, and the discontinuousness or non-progressiveness of art in the process of history. There are many mansions in the house of art, and the artist has the advantage, or the temptation that in the somewhat complex possibilities of his enterprise, he will (whatever his shortcomings) win praise provided that he somehow enhance and quicken the sense of life in other men. Whereas the scientist and philosopher work always towards truth as tested by intellect and the facts of the actual world, the artist (though sometimes pronounced guilty in their courts, and perhaps in others) may still win his case in the aesthetic chamber.

At the same time, in a practically-minded community, the artist pays for what many people regard as his irresponsibility and his claim of privileged status. Such notions may lead to serious misconceptions, neglect, even contempt, of art. Since art deals with the world as it appears to imaginative vision, not necessarily with realities as apprehended and generalized by science, in versions or aspects of experience which reduce or ignore its human dimensions, and is not strictly tied to natural laws, it has been held to elude and deny those laws: "to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of men in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul." Bacon's words are usually to mean not that art clarifies nature, or sees nature's intention worked out to a more perfect realization than in actuality, but offers a substitute or escape.

A minimum claim or standard, however, may be urged for art generally; even when it deals with an extra-natural or non-literal world of imagination, it must appear to pass the test of internal logical consistency, and it must be a victory of shaping and expressive skill. On such terms merely, the artistic imagination may be thought to justify itself, since it wakes and clarifies our sense-perceptions, orders the emotions, exercises the mind, and often verifies the sense of concrete experiences from which our ideal life emerges.

Yet the case for art rests on still greater achievements; and art like science or philosophy deserves to be defined in terms of its best embodiments. The artist often shares in the general quest for truth in his time; or is the most memorable voice of that quest. He may also, like the religious genius,

The Alphabet—P. 2

and taste in human affairs. To be good one has to pose a little. G—is for Girls. St. Odo of Cluny didn't like them much: "Corporea pulchritudo in pelle solummodo constat. Namsi viderent homines hoc quod subius pellem est... mulieres videre nauseant." Sir Kenelm Digby liked them a lot, if we can judge from what he wrote about Venetia Stanley: "A natural ruddiness did shine through the skin, as the sunbeams do through crystal or water, and ascertained him that it was flesh that he gazed upon, which yet he durst not touch for fear of melting it, so like snow it looked." I wonder what he would have thought of the girls of today, who are rapidly replacing the Dog and the Horse as Man's Best Friend—the pally girls, the hearty girls, the girls who know a thing or two, who can go along with the boys, who repress the titter of their typewriters with efficient fingers, who smile back when the chromium smiles at them, and strangle their milkshakes without even a shudder. Why put on lipstick and then impart to the face the peculiar athleticism of gum-chewing? It's all a bit too brisk for me. I prefer Rilke's definition of marriage as "two solitudes" to two case histories or two belly laughs.

H—is for Hispano-Suiza, a luxurious vehicle not often seen on the streets of Montreal. Or Hoagy Carmichael.

I—is, obviously Inspiration. Shelley put it nicely to Trelawny: "When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning when cooled down, out of the rude sketch as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing." Or Dryden: "This worthless Present was designed you, long before it was a Play; when it was only a confused Mass of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the Dark: when the Fancy was yet in its first Work, moving the sleeping images of things towards the Light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the Judgment."

J—stands for Joy. To be joyous, to be in a state of joy: not the debased "I enjoyed myself." Joseph Joubert exclaimed "One must learn to love life" and continued, in a letter to Pauline de Beaumont, "I am well content to tell you that I cannot admire you at leisure... until I perceive in you the most beautiful of all forms of courage, the courage to be happy."

K—equals Kissing: the spiritual or at least psychic canopy, awning or umbrella under which passion most properly and effectively takes place. Burton tells of amorous palm trees: "you might see the two trees bend, and of their own accord stretch out their boughs to embrace and kiss each other..."

L—cannot be anything else but Love. Of books, in the Philobiblion, with an interesting echo from Plato's Symposium: "There we survey the Antarctic Pole, which eye hath not seen or ear heard, and with delectable pleasure we admire the luminous way of the Galaxy, and the Zodiac painted with celestial animals. From this we pass on, through books, to separate substances; and as the intellect greets kindred intelligences with the eye of the mind, it discerns and cleaves to the First Cause of all, the immovable Mover of

infinite power, in love without end..."

M—is Montreal, the city of grey stone and plum colored brick, which is rapidly losing all its character under the ravages of that dreary smartness nowadays prevalent in America—i.e. the crackling briar of neon light which doesn't mean that one is approaching some centre of light and warmth. Yet Montreal still has its alleys, those psychoanalytical commentaries on assertiveness and anxiety. The brassy trumpet of St. Catherine is answered by the oboes branching off from Peel, the drums sound presumptuous against the flutes (perhaps the last that Pan will play) which drift piercingly sweet from Burnside, and here modern man, surfeited with nought and marzipan, may suck the toughest licorice of prayer, run childlike through the darkness, murder, create, weep and love.

Economic—P. 1

equate educational system and our isolation for several generations from the stream of world culture may seriously have debilitated the intellectual capital of the Canadian author. Unfortunately we cannot know how far that cultural erosion has gone until the economic obstacles to getting books published in Canada are to some extent overcome.

Marginal—P. 1

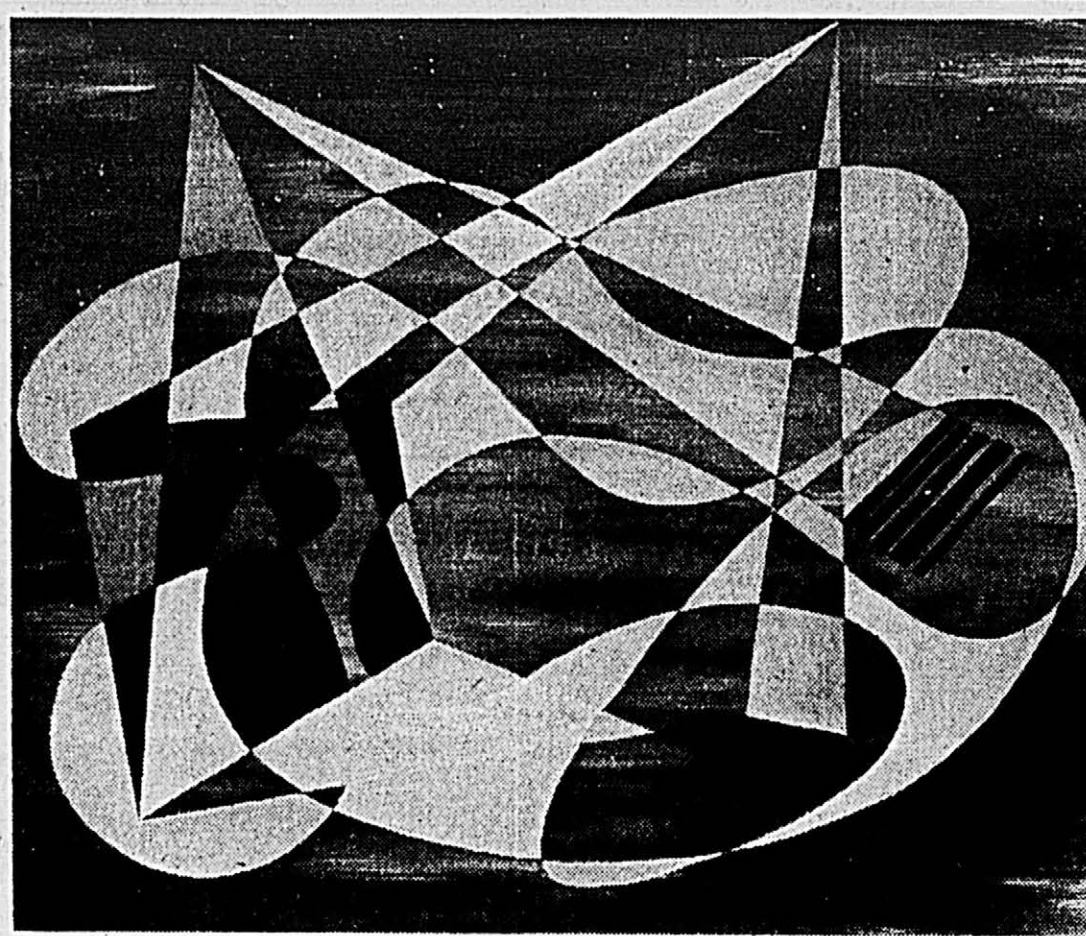
Poet of Existence
Rilke is, therefore, sometimes called a poet of existence. Existentialism is a much abused word. Like all philosophical generalizations which have a fascination for the profane and, therefore, are passed about like coins in the world of popular usage, it has been diluted to the point of losing all clear meaning. The existentialist vogue in Paris, gravitating about Sartre, has done more to discredit the term than anything else. However, the phenomenon of wide-spread concern with problems and experiences vaguely labelled with a magic name, is always symptomatic. As a symptom, existentialism is a reality of social and historical significance which, though genetically related to philosophical thought (Heidegger, Jaspers etc.) is quite distinct from it.

Now it is true that a number of Rilke scholars operate with a vocabulary borrowed from Heidegger. Inasmuch as the philosophy of existence attempts to translate widely prevailing moods and attitudes of the time into undisciplined thought, its systematic terminology is often helpful in giving a clearer insight into those moods and attitudes. But while Rilke was familiar with some of the writing of Kierkegaard (like Rilke was above all an artist), he knew neither Heidegger nor his work. His un-philosophical bent would never have permitted his emotional experiences and the visions distilled from them to be imprisoned in philosophical definition. There can, therefore, be no question of Rilke's existentialism in any philosophical sense of the word.

Metaphysical—P. 1

—comes very close to doing this. Of that period the poets of the 'Metaphysical school' seem particularly near to some of the moderns. There is no question of an explicit connection (Eliot, for example, is quite critical of Donne); the connection, if there is one, lies in a remarkable similarity of situation and purpose rather than in conscious imitation.

The beginning of the seventeenth century was, like our own day, a period of shifting and insecure be-



DESIGN No. 2 1948. Painting by Gordon Webber. Describing the play back and forth in a group conversation the idea is often reflected in the conversation at different levels.

lief. The survival of the medieval synthesis, the 'humanisms' of Machiavelli and Montaigne, and the new science of Copernicus and Galileo formed a disordered and precarious unity. There is abundant evidence of this in the Jacobean dramatists and pamphleteers; Donne's fantastic imagery of angels, the Phoenix and the mandrake's root, Alchemy and compasses, is a typical blend of the 'old' and the 'new' learning.

MOST SOCIAL OF MEN

The poet is perhaps more aware than most people of the instability and inconsistencies of his time. He is really the most social of men, and he can only be lyrical and decorative when his and his society's values are permanent and assured. If they are not, his poetry reflects the attempt to define new values; it becomes a form of enquiry and experimentation, often 'dislocated' and obscure. This seems to be true of some of the Jacobean dramatists, and particularly of the Metaphysical poets. Their concern is not so much with the manners and habits of society, as with the nature of man himself, and with good and evil.

This fundamental uneasiness gives a common character to Metaphysical and modern poetry. Both turn inwards, not outwards; they try to make of poetry a process of investigation and discovery, not a lyric or description. The investigation is not, of course, properly 'metaphysical'; Johnson's choice of that word is unfortunate in its associations with philosophy. It is the un-philosophical procedure of the Metaphysicals which gives to their poetry its penetrating quality. The 'thought' is inseparable from the image which conveys it. Herbert Read has suggested the term 'emotional apprehension' for this kind of poetry, and this is certainly closer than 'metaphysical', although it must not be understood as the emotionalization of thought, when the 'thought' and the 'poetry' are distinct. The mingled and protracted conceits, the contradiction and resolution, the exasperated tinkering with a metaphor until it has generated all possible associations and implications, produce meanings which are not the sort that reason alone comprehends. This accounts for the difficult Metaphysical style; the verse is fractured, runs and stops short, turns here and there like the progress of thought itself. The conventional rhythm and line patterns are broken and re-set:

'Man hath weaved out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his own.'

We spur, we rein the starres, and in their race
They're diversely content to obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not some Tenariff, or higher Hill

Rise so highe like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?

Like the Metaphysicals, modern poets often try to combine a direct, colloquial style with their speculative content, to give a feeling of immediacy, and as an antidote to the somewhat sedative effect of conventional verse patterns. Auden writes of man that he

'Must ask what he is in order to be
And make meaning by omission and stress,
Avid of elusiveness. All that exists
Matters to man; he minds what happens
And feels he is at fault, a fallen soul...'

and so on, attempting to escape from poetic diction into a kind of telegraphic urgency which would be disastrous if it did not occur in a long eclogue, in which the total effect employs and justifies the minor flaws. Throughout this poem Auden writes in an angular, elliptical style, but without achieving that process of Donne's in which the image is prior to the thought, and illuminates it. Many modern poets, too frequently obsessed by style and innovation for its own sake, fall in this. But it is worth noting that the frequent similarity in style between the Metaphysicals and the moderns is the result of a common purpose. There is an increasing concern on the part of the modern poets with the same problems that concerned the Metaphysical. Auden's Age Of Anxiety, quoted above, is a long eclogue which attempts to explain, among other things, the poet's religious position. It bears some resemblance to Donne's Progress Of The Soule, also concerned with man's ambiguous position between beast and angel. Both these poems, as a result of their intensity of purpose, seem to proceed under forced draught, drawing in the material of instinct on the one hand and of philosophy on the other. It was perhaps this inclusiveness which suggested the name Metaphysical to Johnson.

USE OF CONCEIT

Modern poetry makes wide use of the conceit, or extended metaphor, which is characteristic of Metaphysical poetry, and with the same intention. Of 'The Conscript' Maeneine writes:

'He lives a paradox, lives in a groove'

That runs dead straight to an ordained disaster
So that in two dimensions he must move
Like an automaton, yet his inward stalk
Vertically aspires and makes him his own master...

and ends the poem with a typically Metaphysical resolution:

... By feeling down and upwards he can divine
That dignity which far above him burns
In staps that yet are his and which below
Stands rook like a dolmen in his spine.'

Yet we feel that this is more a verbal, Elizabethan conceit than a properly Metaphysical one. Although the purpose of many modern poets is the same as that of Vaughan, Herbert or Donne they cannot achieve the same concentration in one or two images. Consequently they introduce dramatic development and conflict, elusive statement and counter-statement in the hope that these will finally combine into some kind of poetic 'meaning'. This explains the prevalence today of lengthy forms like the eclogue or verse-play. Murder in the Cathedral, For The Time Being, The Age Of Anxiety and Eclogue by a Five-Barred Gate

are all instances of this dramatic elaboration of a 'metaphysical' theme.

The element in the Metaphysicals to which Johnson objected, their arbitrary, almost brutal union of opposites, is the most revealing thing about them; it accounts for much of their supposed 'harshness' of style. 'Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one' Donne writes at the beginning of one of his Divine Poems. It is the general complaint of the school, and of many of the Jacobean dramatists. The most sensual love-lyrics of the Metaphysicals are often their most passionate devotional poems. The poetry of the Catholic Crashaw shuttles continually between the extremes of spiritual and physical imagery. This gave a good deal of trouble to the editors of the voluminous anthologies of devotional poetry in the nineteenth century. They considered Crashaw to be lacking in sensitivity; actually, it is precisely this heightened sensitivity of his which is alarming. These 'impure paradoxes', as someone called them, are a result of the imaginative effort to penetrate the apparent contradictions of birth and death, growth and decay. They seem always to emerge in periods when accepted beliefs and poetic conventions are disintegrating, leaving the poet in a world he does not understand or trust. Webster, who wrote of life as 'a general mist of error' ending in 'a storm of terror', typifies this view; he seldom names a good without drawing attention to its complementary evil.

'All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying.'
Love is consistently surrounded by the menace of death and decay.

The poem which Professor Grierson calls 'the most perfect of the metaphysical love-lyrics', Marvell's To His Coy Mistress, is actually built around this idea:

'Then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust
And into ashes all my lust.'

The thought of conception or birth immediately calls up its opposite. Donne achieves the most varied and imaginative treatments of this theme. The fascination with birth and death runs all through his poetry, always in connection with man's inability to understand what he is undergoing. One remarkable metaphorical statement of this occurs in Donne's prose: 'We are all conceived in a close prison... Our life is but a going out to the place of execution, to death. Nor was there any man seen to sleep in the cart between Newgate and Tyburn — between prison and the

place of execution, does any man sleep? But we sleep all the way; from the womb to the grave we are never thoroughly awake.'

NEW SENSIBILITY

Some of the waywardness and paradox of modern poetry is due to experimentation, and the attempt to force a new kind of sensibility on the reader. But much that is at first sight difficult and incongruous comes from the effort to render in poetry the same fundamental conflicts which absorbed the Metaphysicals. The pre-occupation with death needs no explanation; it is a direct result of the experience of most of the poets. But the treatment of death differs from that of Owen, Seeger or Sassoon. It is not now a simple fact, offering possibilities of lurid or pathetic description; it is treated as an intricate problem, as a possible clue to understanding, in the way in which the Metaphysicals treated it. Most of the Metaphysicals juxtapositions of life and death, growth and decay, and the theory and fact of religious ritual are echoed in modern poetry. Thomas has written a poem about the Communion which, in its paradoxical conceits and the emphasis upon the physical reality of the ritual, is in the mood of Herbert or Crashaw:

'This flesh you break, this blood you let
Make desolation in the vein,
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap;
My wine you drink, my bread you snap.'

Thomas is also remarkable as the only modern poet to make serious use of Herbert's typographical devices: he often reproduces, in an elliptical and powerful way, the intimate relation of genesis and death, as in his poem which begins:

'The force which through the green
fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age; that blasts
the roots of trees
Is my destroyer...'

and ends:
'And I am dumb to tell the lovers'
tomb
How at my sheet goes the same
crooked worm.'

Among modern poets perhaps Thomas has most fully achieved the solid, working imagery which is prior to and determines the 'thought' or direction of the poem, rather than being determined by it. This may appear to be an inversion of the usual poetic process, but it seems to describe what goes on in Metaphysical poetry. "How do I know what I think till I see what I say," as somebody said in Alice in Wonderland.

McGill Daily

Eastern Regional Headquarters, Canadian University Press

Published every week-day during the college year by the Undergraduates of McGill University at 690 Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone: Lancaster 2244. (Authorized as second class mail. Post Office of Canada)

Opinions expressed below are those of the Managing Board of The McGill Daily and not the official opinions of the Students' Society.

FRED CLEMAN Editor-in-Chief
CLYDE KENNEDY Managing Editor
M. E. HEASLEY Advertising Manager

CED O'DONNELL News Editor
HY PEARL Sports Editor
JACOB SISKIND Features Editor

A Selection of CHOICE BOOKS

Old McGill by Collard \$2.00
Crusade in Europe—Eisenhower 5.75
Art Through the Ages—Gardner 7.50
23 Plays of Shakespeare—Harrison 9.00
The American Democracy—H. J. Laski 8.00

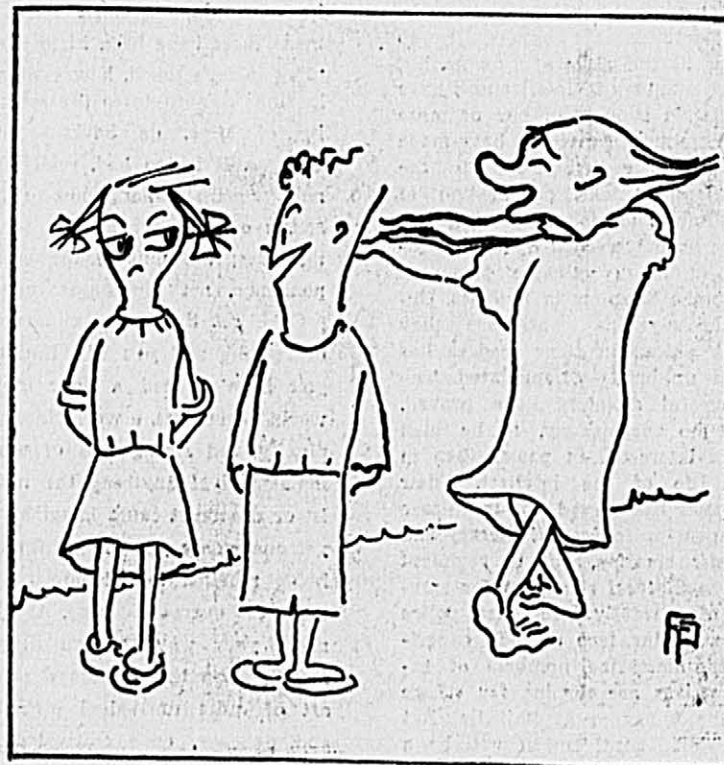
High Towers—Costain 3.25
There is No Armour—Howard Spring 3.50
Mary Wakefield—De la Roche 3.25
Born 1925—Vera Brittain 3.25

THE POOLE BOOKSTORE

2055 McGill College Ave.

LA. 6643

Montreal, Que.



HOW BLITHE CAN WE GET?

When bicycles were built for two...

Sweet Caps were tops!

NOW they're "Better than Ever"

... Because of a modern scientific method
... "Perfection... Check ✓" ... the process which checks each Sweet Cap for freshness... mildness and taste.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES